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CAMURE DIRECE, Editor. FIRST OUR HOMES; THEN OUR STATE; FINALLY THE NATION; THESE CONSTITUTE OUR COUNTRY.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 9, 1867.

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POETRY.

The Dying Soldier.

Col. Christic, of North Carolina, fell mortally wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, while he was gallantly leading his men against the enemy's breastworks. He was taken to Winchester, where he was nursed tenderly until his donth. He longed to see his young wife, his darling Lizzie, but when she reached Winchester he was dead. His last words were, "Kiss me for Lizzie."—Extract of a

am dying-is she coming !- throw the window Is she coming? Oh! I love her more than all the

world beside. In her young and tender beauty, must, oh! must

Saviour, hear my poor petition, teach her how to

true and just. Is she coming? Go and listen-I would see her face

dream is o'er would fold her to my bosom-look into her soft

bright eye. would tell her how I love her-kiss her once be fore Lalie.

comes not still. Lift the curtain-it grows darker-it is sunset on

All the evening dews are falling-I am cold, the light is gone Is she coming? Softly, softly comes death's silent

am going-come and kiss me-kiss me for my darling wife ; Take for her my parting blessing-take the last fond

Tell her I will walt to greet her where the good and

lovely are, In that home untouched by sorrow-tell her she 'must meet me there.'

Oh 1 want 'a live to see her, surely she will com

Surely ere the day, tht dieth, I will fold her to my breast : With her head upon my a some cabaly I could slok

It is hard to die without her; lok, I think she's

I can almost feel her kisses on m, faded cheek and

Hark! I hear the front door open-is she coming? did she speak ! No. Well, drop the curtain softly—I will see her

Tell her she must come and meet me in that Eden Tell her I'll be waiting for her where there is no

death-no night:

my dying breath; Come and kiss me for my Lizzik-tell her love outliveth death.

A Fact, not Fiction.

BY DAISY PALE.

driving on the sea-bound waves, are wrecked

If all "the men and women, actors are." where is the inspiring audience? Methicks I hear the poet's cynic tone, when ready wit

We are both sotors and spectators too.'

So cheerily the harvest moon skims on the dappled clouds, that its friendly presence should rocall but pleasant memories. Life is not always moonshine, and we observers; we, with human intuitions girt, revere proud fortitude, and at times are led from the even tenor of our ways to ponder on the dio. ramic lights, that shade the by-plays we have seen and known. * * *

And they were bairns together. I can see bright Alice now; an only child was she, so fair and tender,

A gentle eye, 'twas one of blue Had gazed "at Heaven, and caught its hue."

While she was yet a child, her every whim was law at home; and her want of company, the Mrs. Roland died, -her father's only sister ;-

ute,-when, absorbed in some Greck transla- in his hearing, told some joke on Uncle J. tion, he had all but accomplished the task.

When it annoyed him, she "was so sorry to make him impatient, but she had no one to care for her, like cousin Ed." And who could resist the mischievous and artless caress, with which she made amends, and pardon begged, where the act was scarce a fault.

Months passed.

"For lightly falls the foot of time, That only treads on flowers.'

These children of the household had non become all essential to each other. Edward been at school Alice's stimulant to study; and their long walk to the Academy each day, was ever beguiled by close converse, and an exchange of actual opinions and sentiments, that had knit their interest indissolubly. The season drew nigh for Edward to go to College; latterly, he had watched with a questioning eye, all the intercourse between his "little Alice," and the youths who attended their school. With a conscious look or repartee, she sometimes checked their gallantries. A compliment offered on one occasion, called up a blush, which caught the eye of Edward, and assured him then, that his was not a brother's love. 'Twas more a genial atmosphere, an influence that permeated his every fibre. It was a month since, and yet he revelled in the hope,

His dream, he dare not tell; The thought he ever tried to hide Of loving her, so well.

Sad hours of parting too quickly came; and the heart, distressed at the thought of separation, panted for the assurance of hope, which could only be formed by a reciprocal affection. "I love her," said he, "as I do my own life; aye, better. She has inspired my nims, since first I came, a still and sullen sufferer, here to shelter my orphanage. She has beguiled my silent sorrow, and tuned my fierce diate; till through her tender influence, I have learned to put a better 'value on life, and its myriad motives. I have come to love her pare: ts, as almost my own; her home, as my abode, and the God of her heart as my father. To Him have prayed, that she might love me, first, on earth, that she might be mine; I need her as no other being does, and oh-mine she must be." or his mother's wrave at the hugh a Till I see it smilling on me on the bright and better | twilight, that he thus revealed to his cousin his parting emotions. She was startled at his agitated tone and tremeling grasp; but, in her winsome way, replied.

> "When you depart from me, Sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

But this did not suffice. He stayed,-he kept her hand,-and bid her speak but once. Alice, I go to-morrow. Oh, let me take you in this lonely heart,-mine own; or must I struggle on, with but a kinsman's blessing from your evening prayer. 'Oh tell me now. that much and more you'll love me." Her tears fell fast,

And there and then, the glance none saw beside, The sigh none else might understand, The whispered thought of hearts allied, The ressure of the thrilling hand.

The morrow came, and Mr. and Mrs. Joslyn bade a tear addieu to their boy; and little cousin wept, because she missed her playmate, vultures, only seeking to find something to eat her chosen.

We have never questioned the propriety of the lover's dream; a father's blessing was unyears his children's wishes had been ever his affection of those young hearts, whose wishes now gave light to all his transactions.

Months passed; and with each week came letters teeming with affection, from dear ones, who inspired ambition and hope. It seemed advisable that Mr. Joslyn should remove to the city, as Alice was now seventeen, and ought to know more of society, in cultivated circles.

Thither they went; and soon the easy merchant and farmer became a partner in a large and thriving house. Mr. Sterman, was the financier of the firm. He was an approachable business man, but never sought society. He was a bachelor of, perhaps, fifty years. They said he had buried his heart in an early disappointment, wherein the cart-chosen had early fled from sight. They met, they leved, and were parted; for she was not.

To have no one for whom we are warmly concerned, from whom we might hope for sym pathy and affection, is a deplorable state. Thus grief had scarred John Sterman, but Edward Roland I can scarcely describe. wrestler. He busied not himself with antiei given to the emigrants for six months. We but the root is perennial. A friend, (Mr. Tas. I wonder what's going to happen next Wennest

He was one year the senior of Alice; yet his pations of to-morrow; the day and its events, intelligent eye and well knit frame suggested were not neglected, lest Providence assign him America, furnished by the Society at Wash are in this vicinty very dence pine greater maturity. He was of moody, sensitive to more entire destitution. So he worked and ington. The Government of Liberia gives thickets, under which nothing ever was known temper; one of that tropical type, still, un accumulated, until competence had crowned twenty-five acres of land to every family, and to grow before, that would now rival in beauty demonstrative, immobile, yet ardent. And all his efforts. The vigor of youth was past, but his sad orphanage was beguiled by the clinging his heart had never falled to sympathize with cheerfulness of his childish cousin Alice. She the young and hopeful; nor had his trust in flitted around him in his study hour, and di- humanity ever been wholly warped. Little verted his attention from the half completed children liked to claim him, as uncle John; sum; she begged for his help,-just one min- and even Alice, with her winsome voice, had,

Oh, tell me not of the future, gipsy. Tell me not, the die is cast; Time to come, -too well resembles, Hours in my experience past.

Sterman and Joslyn," being a commanding firm and good livers-received a welcome to the most eligible circles of society.

(To be Continued.)

VARIOUS.

[From the Norfolk Journal.] A Few Common Sense Views for Colored People.

If a white man and a colored man were in a boat in the middle of the Chesapeake bay, and the plug was out of the bottom, what ought they to do?

Ought they to let the boat sink by quarreling while the water came in? Every man of sense will say that they would be fools to think of anything but putting in the plug to keep out he water.

The white people and the colored people, of Norfolk are in the same boat. If bad or foolish men are sent to the Con-

vention what will they do? They will make bad laws or folialy laws.

Suppose any set of men say to you, we will make bad laws for white people and good laws for colored people. Can you trust them? And suppose that they do make laws all in

Suppose you are a carpenter, where do you get your work and who pays you? The white

favor of colored people, will that benefit colored

Suppose you are a bricklayer, where do you get your work, and who pays you? The white

Suppose you work in a ship yard, who gives you employment and who pays you? The

Suppose you drive a truck, who gives you your loads and pays you for your work? The white people.

Do you sell wood? Who buys the most from you? The white people.

which men and women of color make a living. Now stop and think. Can any laws which the briers, brambles and ox-eyed daises. are had for the white people be good for the colored people?

If work grows slack in putting up houses or from it less than half a crop. in repairing and building ships, in carrying loads on trucks and drays, in selling wood, and so on, don't the colored man suffer? He is bound to feel it. And just as sure as the sun three. shines in the sky, the black man must be hurt by bad laws made for the white man. For if laws press hard on white people, the rich ones will go away, and the great majority who stay will stop, or full off in their business, whether it be building, selling wood or coal, or loading ships, or using trucks and so on.

What ought people of color to do then? Ought they to vote for candidates who say they are out and out for the black man, and out and out against the white man?

Such people can't be trusted. They are like for their own benefit.

sense to do? They ought to vote for no man sought,-and why? Because from earliest who is not known to be a just-minded and fair man, who will make a good constitution, unrule; and in his heart, we dare affirm, he had der which Norfolk may grow and prosper; for often fancied his old age blest by the combined | when Norfolk grows and prospers the will be plenty of honest men, and a decent living for every colored man who chooses to work for it

But make a bad constitution, and things will grow from bad to worse until Norfolk will sink like a boat with the plug out, and the white man and the black man will go down Let the office seek the men, and not the

men seek the office. So say think and say THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

Glowing Accounts from Liberia.

A Co umbus (Ga.) paper publishes a letter from a former : lave to his old master, in which the prospects of that country to his fellowfreedmen who may desire to emigrate. The probity of the writer is vouched for, and he was well known about his old home in Georgia. We subjoin a few extracts:

ten acres to every single person. Twenty-five the finest lawns in the best coultivated yards. acres of land in Liberia is worth more than I have not time to quote all the favorable repa great country as there is in the world; all For the name we are indebted to Mr. Cray, a great country as there is in the world; all por the name we are made written to by a genland and plant it, giving it one working, and tleman of Aiken, signing himself If." it don't need any more work. But some of the who is, no doubt, Mr. Henry W. Ravenel, a people here are so lazy that they don't make a distinguished Botanist, who, in a printed circle support. This is a great country for cotton; cular issued from the Aiken Press, gives the it is always growing. Sugar cane grows twen- name and description of the plant In what ty-five feet high. Coffee grows in a wild state manner it was brought to this country and the all over the woods; a man can gather just as causes of its sudden and rapid spread throughmuch coffee as he may want out of the wood out the land is as yet inexplicable. The name Pineapples, oranges, lemons and cocoanuts, and | Sespedeza expresses no characteristic brane this land will make over one hundred bushels as many as seven or eight species described as of corn to the acre. If a man cannot make a matives of our Southern States. The English support here he will not make it anywhere. I name I have proposed is "Jipan Lucerne," The here, up the river. There is game of all kinds acteristics of Lucerne than of Clover. bunzalA in the woods to shoot—the deer, antelope, I would advise that planters in the country wild hogs, geese, ducks. turkeys and pigeons. where this grass exists, show now it when it is There are monkeys up the trees in sight of the ripe, during the present month, and have the house, and also leopards and all kinds of ani- seeds for sale, and distributed throughout the mals. This country don't want anything but, low country. I have not seen, it growther population, and with it this would be as great send a dried specimen, received through the a country as there is in the world. Those kindness of Mr. Watts. Please let it Tomain

WILL FIGURES LIE?-Poor Jonce Hooper in referring to a Radical about Huntsville. Alabama, by the name of Figures, contented that the popular proverb "figures don't lie" was a fallacy. We are inclined to get on Jonee's platform. Old snivel nose Howard of the Bureau, who has the best opportunity of knowing, says that one million and a quarter of negroes have died since their enuncipation.

doing very well."

The military Governors on the contrary have increased them by registration from ten to fifty per cent. There is a lie out between old Snivery, the military Governors and the figures .-

AGRICULTURAL, &C.

Protty Poor Practices

"Cosmos," who edits the rural column of the Saturday Econing Post, enumerates a list of pretty poor practices :

It is a pretty poor practice for a farmer to dig and delve, tug and grub, and clear up fifty eres of land at a cost of \$2,000, and then in the third year surrender about a fifth of it to

Poor practice to half manure, half plow, half

To keep two inferior, scrawny, scrub cows for daily purposes, that give less milk than

stable manure, and suffer 600 of better home made manure to run to waste. To attempt to fatten three hogs into 1,200

pounds of pork on just as much feed as would keep two nicely growing. To estimate agricultural fairs as arrant

saving the country at political meetings. To depend upon borrowing your neighbor's rakes, mowers and all sorts of implements in

humbugs, and spend three days every month

having and harvesting time. To house up a thousand bushels of grain, waiting for a rise, till one tenth has gone to That ought colored men of industry and feed rats and mice, and the remainder smells like the essence of rat, and the price is down

> 40 per cent. To plant out a big orehard of choice fruit trees with a first thought of money making, and leave thom to do or die.

[From the Charleston Courier.] The Japan Lucerne Sespedeza Striata-A New Forage Grass.

I have received from various quarters specimens of a plant resembling a clover, which has sprung up in almost every part of this State, especially along the line of the railroads and also in several parts of Georgia and North Carolina, and I have heard of it as far West as Eufaula, Ala. It seems to be spreading very rapidly through the whole of the Southern States. A grass adapted to pasturage has long been a desideratum in our Southern country. This species, which Providence has he gives a glowing and encouraging account of kindly sent us, seems to be admirably adapted to our present wants. Cattle are said to be very fond of it. It grows in almost every kind of soil, and flourishes under shade trees, and roots out the nut grass, joint and Bermuda grasses: It is said, like clover, to salivate horses but to fatten other cattle.

have also six months' provisions, brought from W. Watts, of Laurens District.) Writes :-

many other kinds of African fruit that I am genus; it was given by Michaux in Honor be not accustomed to, grow here. I am told that Sespedez, a Governor of Florida. There are expect to draw my land about nine miles from asmuch as it appears to have more of the char-

emigrants who came out here last fall are all at your office to be inspected by the platters see

HUMOROUS. COTAGE

A married wretch says the greatest with vouchsafed to any living man was that granted to Adam, as he was blessed with a Wife Will-s out ever having a mother-in-law. NOTHOH

An old lady said her husband was very roads of peaches and that was his own fauteleine I ods "Fault, madam," said one, "how can you call that a fault?" I HALL WAY "Why, because there are different ways Nof

cating them, sir. My husband takes them in the form of brandy. Timigan nitroomed off A little girl who had been visiting in the family of a neighbor, hearing them speak of

"Pa, are you a widower?" "Yes, my child. Don't you know your moher's dead ?"

her father being a widewer outher return home

K.I.V.4.18 "Why, yes, I knew mother was dead; but you always told me you was a New Yorke

MARRIED FOR A WATCH .- An unfortunal bachelor in the northern part of New Hampshire, who had made many fruitless attempts to get a wife, at last succeeded, by the irresistible temptation of a sixteen dollar watch, in seed and half cultivate a field, and then harvest ducing a high-tempered old maid to marry him. The ceremony having been duly performed at the bride's father's, the happy husband proposed an immediate return home. one good one, and consume more food than three.

To purchase in town 500 loads of livery carry you for the watch; but I wouldn't live with you for a town clock !"

> When the troops, under General McClellan. penetrated the mountain region of West Vir ginia, in May, 1861, they encountered the quiet nook on the side of Laurel Ridge, a very erable matron standing in the door of a log cabin. One of the men accosted her with:

"Well, old lady, where's your fing ?" " " "I hain't got no flag," was the prompt re-"Well, then, which side are you for ?"

"I don't know what you mean," she answered in astonishment.

"Are you seeesh?" asked the man amused it her ignorance. her ignorance.
"No I hain't," she rejoined, emphatically. "Are you Union ?"

Republica lo continua "No, I tell you." "Well, what are you?" "I'm a good, plain Baptist-that's what I

The men laughed heartily, and at last one of hem said :

"You'll not refuse to hurral for 'Old Abo? will you, old lady?" "Who is 'Old Abe?" asked the dame

growing more astonished every minute: "Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States." "Why hain't Gin'ral Washington Presi-

dent?" way "No, he's been dead for more thin sixty

"Gin'ral Washington dead ?" she fairly screamed. Then rushing into cablir the called. "Sam ! Sam !" "Well, what is it, mother?" said a voice

Finte Convention researched to day, Shidiw In a monient she reappeared at the door with a veteran of fifty, who the mene afterwarde learned was her son, and and the following an

"We are located on the Since River, about It is represented as growing on the poorest "Why, only think, Sain," she cried, excitedbeen a blessing; it had made him a moral two miles above Greenville, in a large house, kind of land. The top dies down in winter ly, "Gin'ral Washington's dead. Sakes alive!

> 'evils threatened under the covers recently: sion programme. It concludes with a to prot

oet 25 (\'\

oct 19 EZEKIEL & KOKN'S.

"The bravest are the tenderest, The loving are the daring,

she feel this loss?

Help her to be calm and patient when I moulder in the dust. Let her say and feel, my Father, that thy ways are

would hear her speaking to me, ere life's fitful,

Is she coming? Oh! 'tis evening, and my darling

footsteps on!

la she 'oming? Lift the curtain-let me see the fall-

I can almost hear her whisper, feel her a weth upon

Tell her that I called her darling-blessed her with

ORIGINAL STORY.

"I'm a looker-on at Venice;" and, as weeks roll by, the tide, it abbs and flows. Some with the flood, rush on to fortune; while many, with the debris-mass, float unresistingly to find neglect and ruin in turbid shallows; else,

'twixt foster dangers, Seylla or Charybdis.

"How little know we what we say or do,

only bane to happiness. It was then, that and, as cousin I dward had always been her ideal of a good brother, Mrs. Joslyn, her shris- time had taught its lesson of submission, and tian mother, found it no cross to welcome to carbed his sauguine disposition. Poyorty had her home and heart, the orphan boy.